

Time machine dream

BY CHRISTINE REILLY

Twin Valley Middle School, Grade 8

I am held in your arms
One of your hands on my waist,
the other holding mine
Somehow we have been transported back in time
As we glide across the ballroom floor
Myself, in a pale, tan ball gown
with intricate design and lace
You, in a navy blue Prince's coat,
made complete with golden fringes at the shoulders.

We are one of the few left in the lavish ballroom.
You whisk me across the room,
from wall to wall.

And I feel like a three-year-old on a swing set
Letting myself go,
feeling like I can do anything, maybe even touch
the sky.

Eyes closed, letting the wind gently caress the
contours of my skin.

I awaken from this dream with a smile on my
face.

Because I'm happy that I got to be with you for
that long.

Even if only in a dream.

If we all cared

BY KIRSTEN PAYNE

Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8

if we all cared
would it be this way?
would trees still stretch
when the wind whispers?
would birds sing
after a huge storm
when the clouds cry?
waves smack against rocks?
guns go off?
what happened to our voices?
do we know how to talk
without releasing pain?
if we all cared
would it be this way?
a kid on the streets
never to see his parents
a girl snatched away
tears falling to that van floor
a man high-jumps off a bridge
the friends walking away as if it never happened
if we all cared
would it be this way?

Untitled

BY LUKE BEATTY

Rick Marcotte Central School, Grade 5

The crack of the bat
The awestruck cheers of the fans
Rounding the bases.

THIS WEEK: Dreams & poetry



Each week Young Writers Project selects best work from Vermont students in response to a prompt or as general work. This week, students wrote about dreams and shared their poetry. A team of students helps select work for publication in this and eight other newspapers. For more, go to youngwritersproject.org, a civil community of young writers.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org and **The Schools Project**, a comprehensive online classroom and training solution for teachers to integrate digital technology into their curriculum. **Teachers interested in signing up or renewing**, go to ywpschools.net or contact YWP at 802-324-9537.

YWP NEWS

THANKS to **Physician's Computer Company** of Winooski which has supported YWP in many ways.

THANKS also to **Northfield Savings Bank** for a grant to YWP to expand its Digital Storytelling Project and to **KeyBank** for supporting YWP's summer program with Upward Bound.

TEACHERS: Sign up for Digital Writing Course by YWP and National Writing Project in late June. See digitalteachers.net for more.

I wonder what I am

BY R. ELLIOT DEMATTEIS

Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 9

I wonder what I am to me
- or who
Or why I have not ever known
- but care.
I wonder why the nearest thing
- is far
And if I am above myself
- or in.
Can words begin as simple sparks
- and grow
Beyond themselves, transformed to seem
- as light?
Are words and dreams and me the same
- or do
We all comprise but part of still
- a fourth
And hidden form which I perhaps
- can know?
Absurd it is that thoughts can view
- themselves
Without the mental mirror, me,
- to help.
And stranger still are thoughts without
- a source,
Without an I like me to start
- the sparks.
If I intend can I arrange
- to change
An act which random chances plan
- for me?
Or am I what I do not seem
- to be
To me? Am I without the soul
- to seek
The end of why I wonder what
- I am?

Dreams

BY KAITLYN MESLER

Spaulding High School, Grade 11

The dreams that we've had
The dreams that will be.
In those dreams of the future
Oh, what a world we can see.
Candycane forests
And a peppermint breeze
Honeycombed castles
Created by bees.
While the unicorns prance
The pink bears will dance
And protecting the castle
Is the Black Knight with a lance.
Caramelized shores
And a deep purple ocean.
Add some cute little fish
Now it's a tasty little potion.
Cotton candy clouds
Floating in a green sky.
In this place where people stay together
And true love is not a lie.

Loss of mind

BY RACHEL BAGINSKI

Charlotte Central School, Grade 8

Memories stretching forever
glass droplets of life
touched by a few
mourned by others
something lost never to be regained
carefully arranged
or randomly scattered
none are alike,
only in our dreams are we together.

Of summer

BY NICOLE WINOT

Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 8

oh, summer's morn
the brilliant sun
oh, do not scorn
for feet to run
for shining bright
on grass of green
the dark of night
afar is seen
then breaks the dawn
of gleaming time
upon the lawn
in summer's rhyme
for love of day
I run away

Up there

BY NICK GRUBINGER

Dummerston Middle School, Grade 7

I was up there for a second,
Just long enough to know what it feels like,
To be one of them,
But mainly, to look down and be above where I
had been before.
I lost my balance, I thought,
How could this be happening to me?
Then it struck me.
I was dreaming.
And I came crashing down back to reality, only
hoping for another look, sometime, somewhere.

The most beautiful bird in the world

BY HEATHER ANN MACLACHLAN

Poultney High School, Grade 9

When I see her fly
Through the sky
I notice that she has
A heart for the shape
Of her face.
I look and it reminds
Me of how much
She means to nature,
How she is independent
And how beautiful she is.
The only thing that would
Make me sad
Would be to hear that
She and her babies
Are dead.
No matter how much
I try to get people's help,
To save them,
No one cares and everyone
Tells me to quit worrying about her.